

IHS

# ORIGINAL HYMNS

BY

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

*late Scholar of Balliol and Fellow of  
Exeter College, Oxford*


MACMILLAN AND CO:

London

1867

Fall 1861

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IHS

# HYMNS

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FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

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Ἄλλοι μὲν ἢ μακρὰν γὰρ ἀπέχουσιν θεοί,  
ἢ οὐκ ἔχουσιν ὧτα,  
ἢ οὐκ εἰσὶν, ἢ οὐ προσέχουσιν ἡμῖν οὐδὲ ἔν·  
Σὲ δὲ παρόνθ' ὀρώμεν,  
οὐ ξύλινον, οὐδὲ λίθινον, ἀλλ' ἀληθινόν.

MACMILLAN AND CO :

London

1867

*Requests having been made to the Writer, to allow some of these hymns to be reprinted in collections, he now publishes them together for the convenience of those who may care to take them.*

*Should this occur, he would ask for a strict adherence to the following text: and he would consider it a favour if notice were given to him of the pieces selected.*

*April: 1867*

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AMICO  
DE ECCLESIA CHRISTI  
APUD ANGLOS  
OPTIME MERITO

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LIBELLUM HUNC

D. D. D.

F. T. PALGRAVE

COLL : BALL : OLIM SCHOL.



*CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR*

Σὺν Χριστῷ — πολλῷ μᾶλλον κρεῖσσον.

Hope of those that have none other,  
Left for life by father, mother,  
All their dearest lost or taken,  
Only not by thee forsaken ;  
Comfort thou the sad and lonely,  
Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

When the glooms of night are o'er us,  
Satan in his strength before us ;  
When despair and doubt and terror  
Drag the blinded heart to error ;  
Comfort thou the poor and lonely,  
Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

By thy days of earthly trial,  
By thy friend's foreknown denial,  
By thy cross of bitter anguish,  
Leave not thou thy lambs to languish :  
Comforting the weak and lonely,  
Lead them in thy pastures only.

Sick with hope deferr'd, or yearning  
For the never-now-returning,  
When the glooms of grief o'ershade us,  
Thou hast known, and thou wilt aid us !  
To thine own heart take the lonely,  
Leaning on thee only, only.

*THE DAYSTAR*

ἁγίον ἀεροφοίταν

Ἄστέρα μείναμεν Ἁελίου λευκοπτέρυγα πρόδρομον—

Star of morn and even,  
Sun of Heaven's heaven,  
Saviour high and dear,  
Toward us turn thine ear ;  
Through whate'er may come,  
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,  
Those we leant on leave us,  
Though the coward heart  
Quit its proper part,  
Though the Tempter come,  
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,  
     Lover of the lowly,  
         Sign us with thy sign,  
         Take our hands in thine,  
         Take our hands and come,  
         Lead thy children home !

Star of morn and even  
Shine on us from Heaven ;  
    From thy glory-throne  
    Hear thy very own !  
    Lord and Saviour, come,  
    Lead us to our home

*MORNING HYMN*

Lord God of morning and of night,  
We thank thee for thy gift of light :  
As in the dawn the shadows fly,  
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in the heart,  
Fresh force to do our daily part ;  
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,  
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.

Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,  
Oft what we would we cannot do ;  
The sun may stand in zenith skies,  
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights ! 'tis thou alone  
Canst make our darken'd hearts thine own :  
Though this new day with joy we see,  
Great Dawn of God ! we cry for thee !

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;  
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;  
Till psalm and song his name adore  
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

*EVENING HYMN*

O Light of life, O Saviour dear,  
 Before we sleep bow down thine ear :  
 Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,  
 We have no other hope but thee.

Oft from thy royal road we part,  
 Lost in the mazes of the heart :  
 Our lamps put out, our course forgot,  
 We seek for God and find him not.

What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !  
What dawning risen upon the night !  
Thou giv'st thyself to us, and we  
Find Guide and Path and all in thee.

Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,  
Abide with us more nearly near ;  
Till on thy face we lift our eyes,  
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;  
Praise him through time, till time shall end  
Till psalm and song his name adore  
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.



*MORNING HYMN*

High in heaven the sun  
Shines his worship to thee :  
The bird in the brightness  
Sings his hymn from the tree :

Thou art praised on the earth,  
Thou art praised in the sky ;  
Last comes thine own creature  
To praise the Most High.

For the sleep, for the waking,  
For the rest of my bed ;  
For in thine arms I slept,  
By thy touch awakenéd.

As thou wert in the night,  
Be with me by day :  
Morning, noon, evening ;  
All my life, and alway.

Go thou beside me  
Wherever I go :  
Whatever thou willest,  
Make that I wish it so :

That in thought of thee  
All I do may be done :  
As all great in thy sight,  
All small in my own.

When to-day brings its trial  
Be thy voice mine aid :  
Say, 'It is I ;  
Be not afraid.

'The night is mine,  
And mine is the day,  
Morning, noon, evening,  
All thy life, and alway.'

*EVENING HYMN*

The day is over,  
The darkness is come :  
I thank thee, O Lord,  
For the peace of home.

This night and ever  
Keep my feet in thy way :  
Feet slow to follow thee,  
Feet quick to stray.

Oft wandering from thee,  
At thy guidance I chafe ;  
Hold thou me up,  
I shall be safe.

Sad shades of old sin  
Dog my steps as I go :  
What was done in the darkness,  
In the daylight I know.

With the voice of the sea  
Sin allures to the brink ;  
Stretch out thine hand,  
Let me not sink.

Whom have I  
In heaven but thee ?  
And on earth there is none  
Set beside thee may be.

Life soon is over,  
And death will come :  
Lord, linger not  
In thy heaven-home :

As God, come in power  
To judge us and bless :  
As man with man once more,  
Come in thy tenderness.

*A LITANY*

Κύριε ἐλέησον.  
Χριστὲ ἐλέησον.

O Lord God eternal,  
The First and the Last,  
We are fallen before thee  
As sinners downcast :  
Not in anger deal with us ;  
Lighten the rod ;  
Once more, say, once more  
‘ I am your God : ’

Turn thy face toward us ;  
Put up the sword :  
Have mercy on us,  
Have mercy, O Lord !

In the blindness of youth,  
In sickness and health,  
In the time of trial,  
In the trial of wealth ;  
As we creep and dwindle  
In age away,  
In the hour of death,  
In the judgment-day ;  
    Turn thy face toward us ;  
Put up the sword :  
Have mercy on us,  
Have mercy, O Lord !

When the lust of wealth<sup>\*</sup>  
Makes its own self all ;  
When the pride of strength  
Tramples down the small ;



When the world's outcasts  
Sit and hide the head ;  
When the barefoot children  
Cry out for bread ;  
    Turn not thy face from us ;  
Draw not the sword :  
Have mercy on us,  
Have mercy, O Lord !

When the tempter comes  
With gold and smiles,  
When the flesh is master,  
And thought defiles ;  
When faith grows faint  
Through pride or fear,  
—O thou that knowest  
Spare us, O spare !

Turn thy face toward us ;  
Put up the sword :  
Have mercy on us,  
Have mercy, O Lord !

By thy manhood on earth,  
By thy death and life,  
By the mountain-peace  
And the midnight-strife ;  
By the scourge and cross  
And all that pain ;  
By thy golden throne  
Set with God to reign ;

Turn thy face toward us ;  
Put up the sword :  
Have mercy upon us,  
Have mercy, O Lord !

# *THE CITY OF GOD*

Ἰδοὺ γὰρ, ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐντὸς ὑμῶν ἐστί.

O thou not made with hands,  
Not throned above the skies, .  
Nor wall'd with shining walls,  
Nor framed with stones of price,  
More bright than gold or gem  
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart  
Finds courage from above ;  
Where'er the heart forsook  
Warms with the breath of love ;  
Where faith bids fear depart,  
City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud  
In humbleness melts down ;  
Where self itself yields up ;  
Where martyrs win their crown ;  
    Where faithful souls possess  
    Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways  
With cheerful feet we go ;  
When in his steps we tread  
Who trod the way of woe ;  
    Where He is in the heart,  
    City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,  
Nor golden-wall'd afar,  
But where Christ's two or three  
In his name gather'd are,  
    Be in the midst of them,  
    God's own Jerusalem !

*FAITH AND SIGHT*  
*IN THE LATTER DAYS*

‘I prae : sequar.’

Thou sayst, ‘Take up thy cross  
O Man, and follow me :’  
The night is black, the feet are slack,  
Yet we would follow thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,  
That we thy face could see !  
Thy blessed face one moment’s space—  
Then might we follow thee !

Dim tracts of time divide  
Those golden days from me ;  
Thy voice comes strange o’er years of change ;  
How can I follow thee ?

Comes faint and far thy voice  
From vales of Galilee;  
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;  
How should we follow thee?

Unchanging law binds all,  
And Nature all we see:  
Thou art a star, far off, too far,  
Too far to follow thee!

— Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!  
Is nought but what we see?  
Can time undo what once was true;  
Can we not follow thee?

Is what we trace of law  
The whole of God's decree?  
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,  
And bid not follow thee?

O heavy cross—of faith  
In what we cannot see !  
As once of yore, thyself restore  
And help to follow thee !

If not as once thou cam'st  
In true humanity,  
Come yet as guest within the breast  
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts  
In nearest nearness be :  
Set up thy throne within thine own :—  
Go, Lord : we follow thee.

## THE GARDEN OF GOD

Τοῖσι λάμπει μὲν μένος ἡελίου τὰν ἐνθάδε νύκτα κάτω,  
 φοινικορῦδοις δ' ἐνὶ λειμάνεσσι προάσπιον αὐτῶν  
 καὶ λιβάνῳ σκιαρᾷ καὶ χρυσεῖσι καρποῖς βέβριθεν.

Christ in his heavenly garden walks all day,  
 And calls to souls upon the world's highway ;  
 Wearied with trifles, maim'd and sick with sin,  
 Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

‘ How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?  
 Here from the throne sweet waters ever go :  
 Here the white lilies shine like stars above :  
 Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.



'Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,  
But lighter in my ways your feet will be :  
'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,  
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

' Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray :  
Turn your steps hither : am not I the Way ?  
The sun is falling fast ; the night is nigh :  
Why will ye wander ? Wherefore will ye die ?

' Look on my hands and side, for I am He :  
None to the Father cometh, but by me :  
For you I died ; once more I call you home :  
I live again for you : my children, come !'

*A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN*

*FOR NIGHT AND MORNING*

*"Αφετε τὰ παιδία ἔρχεσθαι πρὸς με—*

Thou that once, on mother's knee,  
Wert a little one like me,  
When I wake or go to bed  
Lay thy hands about my head;  
Let me feel thee very near,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,  
Close by me through all the night;  
Make me gentle, kind, and true,  
Do what mother bids me do;  
Help and cheer me when I fret,  
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,  
Baby bright in manger-shade,  
With the oxen and the cows,  
And the lambs outside the house :  
Now thou art above the sky ;  
Canst thou hear a baby cry ?

Thou art nearer when we pray,  
Since thou art so far away ;  
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,  
Thou that once, on mother's knee,  
Wert a little one like me.

*THE LOVE OF GOD*

*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit, cras amet.*

Let him love thee to-day  
Who ne'er loved before ;  
And he who loves thee,  
To-day love thee more.

Love with mind and heart,  
With body and soul :  
Thou gav'st us each part ;  
We should give thee the whole.

With cheerfulness love thee  
Age, midlife, and youth ;  
With faith and purity,  
Courage and truth :

In health and laughter,  
In sickness and woe :—  
But O labour and fear,  
To love thee so !

—Lord, thou knowest  
Whereof we are made ;  
From this burden of love  
We shrink afraid.

Should we love thee so much,  
What were left behind  
For this common life,  
For our human kind ?

Should we have enough  
For this world and for thee ?  
—O narrow faith,  
When all is He !

When he loves us first  
From cradle to grave :  
—O, love for love  
Is all thou dost crave !

Thou art not quick  
To mark where we stray ;  
Thy voice will lead us  
In love's own way.

Thou shalt cleanse us  
And we shall be clean :  
Thou wilt gather  
Thy whole flock in.

Then let him love to-day  
Who ne'er loved thee before ;  
And he who loves thee,  
To-day love thee more.

## MUSIC

The Child's Hymn, *Thou that once*, set to Music, (under the writer's permission), by Mr. James Tilleard, for a Solo Voice, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, is published by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., 6, New Burlington Street, W. Price 2s. (1s net): Folio music size.

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